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AN EPISTLE TO *Alexander Pope*, Esq; FROM South CAROLINA.

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Fluminis *Ripas, operosa parvus*
Carmina fingo. HORAT.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, at the *King*'s-*Arms* in *New Bond-street*; and C. CORBETT, at *Addison*'s-*Head*, over-against St. *Dunstan*'s-*Church*, *Fleetstreet*. MDCCXXXVII.

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EPISTLE

TO

Alexander Pope, Esq;

FROM

South CAROLINA.

ROM warmer Lands, ally'd to lateſt Fame,
In gracious CAROLINE's immortal Name;
Part of that Sylvan World *Columbus* found,
Where GEORGE ſhould be rever'd, and YOU renown'd;
Hear Heav'n-taught Bard! and hearing, ſpare the Lyre,
Your real Worth, your real Wrongs, inſpire.

Tho' radiant Graces ſparkle thro' your Line,
With darting Beauty, and with Flame divine;
Where magic Verſe, in all her Splendor crown'd,
Combines the Nerves of Senſe, and Charms of Sound;
Tho' *Britain* boaſt her Iliad all Divine,
Worthy the *Græcian* Genius---worthy Thine;
Tho' riſing Art and ſmiling Nature view
Their Powers increas'd, their Charms improv'd in You;
Yet wou'd I check the Raptures You infuſe;
And wiſh ſuch Worth to warm an equal Muſe.

But when lean Envy darts her hiſſing Tongue,
And cank'rous Malice barks in Virtue's Wrong:
I check no more the low, yet gen'rous Lay,
But with glad Pride my righteous Wrath obey.
Merit aſpers'd his Homage doubled finds,
Who glows with Fires unknown to little Minds.

O if

O if one Breaſt of all the clam'rous Throng,
E'er felt indeed the ſacred Fire of Song,
Say for what hidden Crime, or open Shame,
Has Heaven incens'd reſum'd the bliſsful Flame?
The genuine Muſe the nobleſt Pleaſure loves,
And, ſlowly blaming, joyfully approves:
But Envy, by each Charm with Torture ſmit,
Is ſcorch'd with ev'ry vital Beam of Wit.
Your Goodneſs could not wiſh an equal Pain,
To things you pity---things below Diſdain:
Themſelves, their Being, but for thee forgot;
We own a *Mævius*, when a *Maro* wrote.
Mean time, as if whene'er a Genius roſe
To prove his Title, he muſt thank his Foes;
Muſt gain againſt the Storm, and ſpurn the Tide,
Nor think his Worth admitted, till deny'd;

The Poetaſter's Wit, the Critick's Toil,
Atteſt the Glory which they ſtrive to foil;
As *Rome*, with her compleateſt Triumphs, gave
Amidſt a ſhouting World, a railing Slave.

Others, affecting Truth's important Coaſt,
Some little Light, ſome ſmall Diſcovery boaſt;
And fondly hope their great Atchievements blaze,
If on *that* ruin'd Error *this* they raiſe.
They make Report the Coaſt is ſtrangely bright;
We find it ſo—for they are dazzled quite:
Not ſeeing, all their Marks and Bearings ſtart,
They want to mend the Iſland by their Chart;
While ſteddy You the obvious Channel gain,
Led by a pious Mind and thinking Brain:
The Courſe you've ſhewn, what Numbers ſhall purſue!
The Marks ſo ſimple, evident, and few!

Who

Who Points obſcure t'unfailing Truths refer,
Shall find it only difficult---to err.
Shrin'd in your Verſe we ſacred *Truth* revere,
Her Charms with Freedom grave, with Luſtre clear:
What Groupes of Whimſey vaniſh near her Face!
What Feuds expire! what Oppoſitions ceaſe!
Sick with the Splendor, Error ſhuts her Eye,
And murd'rous Zeal and holy Lucre fly:
And martyr'd Crouds, their tinſel Crowns reſign,
Condemn'd to hang them at *Opinion*'s Shrine.

Oh that my Verſe with ev'ry Grace could charm,
Rich from thy Stile, and in thy Spirit warm!
Slow and unequal tho' th' Ideas riſe,
My Soul devours the Joy my Muſe denies.
With Love and Pride I feel thy glowing Line,
And count the Honour of my Species---mine;

To real Worth with real Pleaſure bow,
Pleaſure, the envious Spirit ne'er can know!
Let ſome from Night and Error hope their Sway,
I court the Realms of Wit, and Bloom of Day:
While with a happy Pride, from Torture free,
Whoe'er excells, I boaſt, excells for me.

Revolving oft thy Page, ſecure to find
What may amuſe, improve, or charm my Mind;
Sincere I've wiſh'd, near Thee unknown to ſit,
And kindle by each caſual Spark of Wit;
Or thy deep Grotto's awful Gloom to trace,
Hopeful to feel the Genius of the Place.
Hail beauteous Horrors of the penſive Vault!
Inſtructing Silence, and infuſing Thought!
While glittering Day relieves unthinking Fools,
Thy Shade, to Wit devote, and Virtue's Rules,

Mature

Mature reveals ſome great, or gen'rous Plan,
To brighten Science, or to better Man;
(As whilom various to delight the Fair,
Unbend the Wife, or ſooth the Life of Care.)
Here, in poetic artificial Night,
Wrapp'd from th' Impertinence of Sound and Sight,
Inmate of Heav'n! Æthereal Heights purſue,
Nor Nature, *Milton*'s Grotto, e'er ſhall ſhew
More large Ideas, Language more ſublime,
Or Tranſports ſtronger, more ſurviving Time!
Here, oft my partial Vanity will think,
My Mind would open, and my Errors ſink;
But me, how diſtant! on the woody Main
A prattling Girl and ſmiling Boys detain;
Another Art of *Phœbus* claims my Care,
Where fiery Deaths rage high in ſultry Air;
Or, viſcid in the ſudden Cold, arreſt
The Blood, hard ſtruggling thro' the ſtraiten'd Breaſt.

Four flaming Signs th' enervate Region drain,
When chill the Ague ſhakes the ſhivering Plain;
Till ſtyptick Bark, firm Cold, or quick Surprize,
Brace the looſe Fibre, and the Spectre flies.

Ah Bard ſublime! the loftieſt Muſe ſhall die,
And thy rich Volume flame with Earth and Sky!
Each Mode of Wit ſhall fail, with all the Throng,
Of charmful Diction, and elating Song:
But the *Divine Idea* in thy Page,
Secure from ev'ry elemental Rage,
Unhurt ſhall mount, thro' Nature's melting Frame,
To the ſupreme Perfection whence it came.
There thy choice Spirit ſhall exult, to know,
How nearly it conceiv'd of Heav'n below:
There Worlds ſhall Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy, ſee
Entire exiſt, and perfectly agree:

There

There Sin and Folly vaniſh'd each ſhall pay,
Unenvy'd Homage, to the brighter Ray.
Once fiery Zealots there ſhall Chriſtians prove,
And feel their narrow Souls dilate with Love:
Unnumber'd Worlds th' unbounded God adore,
And uncreated Evil be no more.

Theſe Thoughts, th' Effect of thine, if well apply'd,
Check our Reſentment, and reſtrain our Pride:
Hence to my ſelf, and to my Species kind,
I mourn the Priſon that infects the Mind;
And foul Detraction loud, and Envy keen
I call a ſharper Lymph, or tumid Spleen.
If thoughtleſs Rage the trivial Man poſſeſs,
I wiſh him cooler Blood, or wiſh him --- leſs.

But when I view ſome Figure of a Sect,
Who is, forſooth, peculiar and elect,
Of Form preciſe, of Temper ſower and odd,
A covetous Monopoliſt of God;
In whoſe uncouth Reſerve you ſoon explore,
He cares not to be ſav'd with many more;
Spite of my boaſted Charity, 'tis plain,
I'm ſtrangely curious to inſpect his Brain:
I'd have him uſe good Wine, oft' ſhave his Head,
Avoid raw Winds, and ſleep when he's a Bed;
Let him hear Puppets, ſee a Farce, and buy one,
But never read a Word that ends in *tion*.
Now let this Method be or wrong or right,
To Eaſe it tends, to Candour will incite:
If hence I gather Candour or Repoſe,
What Eaſe, what Candour yours, from whom it flows!

But

But ſome Incurables, ſome ſordid Slaves,
Pimps, Cowards, Gameſters, Paraſites and Knaves,
The generous Verſe ſhould blazon to the Age;
As States mark Houſes where Infections rage.
So when your Page you condeſcend to foul
With *Chartre*'s Name, or *Walters* ſtains the Scrole,
It guards the Weak, to ſhun the Rogues they read;
And Enmity with ſuch is Fame indeed.
O born to pleaſe! reflect what Pleaſure's mine,
While thus to Thee I ſpin the ling'ring Line:
My Hopes well flatter'd, my Ambition eas'd,
And each delighted Faculty ſelf-pleas'd,
My chearful Fancy wings me for the Sky,
Suggeſting, *Pope*'s Admirer ſhall not die.

If higheſt Honours now thy Art befriend,
With heav'nly Science heav'nly Virtues blend:

" From

From the right Soul th'exalted Genius ſprings;
Virtue and Wiſdom ſcarce are different things:
Tho' in the cooleſt Breaſt, and firmeſt Will,
The ruling Paſſion reigns, and pleaſes ſtill:
Thou haſt thy Paſſion—to be pleas'd, you muſt
Be delicately good, and kindly juſt.

Beſides as *Phœbus*, in his Care of Wit,
Has made thy Province, *Britain*'s Share of it,
Thro' whole extended Colonies you ſhine,
While each poetic World is amply thine;
Thoſe diſtant Worlds, and *Phœbus* too, declare,
You're with the Empire deſtin'd to the Care.
A heavy Care! a Crown of various Woe!
Each Vice thy Hatred, and each Dunce thy Foe.

Yet

Yet *hence* till now unteaz'd — from *Twick'nam*'s Groves,
Auſpicious view the Plain, that *Daphne* loves.
(At *Twick'nam*'s Name, behold the ſacred Tree
Springing, to grace thy Grove, and ſhine to Thee!)
O may I prove the firſt from *hence*, to hail,
Tho' late, thy Empire — firſt — howe'er I fail.

Thus from the Mart three marſhy Rivers lave,
Laſhing his Baſtions with their mingled Wave;
The Mart, to which the * Prince of amorous Fame,
Has left his Inclination — with his Name;
Amidſt the Garden and the Grove I ſtray,
To ſerve the cruel Muſe that I obey:
For (like their Sex) the Nine ſeverely vain,
Indulge their Pride, by feeding their Diſdain;

* CHARLES IId.

They ſlight the Wretch whoſe Incenſe they approve;
And ſhew their Power, where they deny their Love.
Yet leſs their partial Favour I deplore,
Who know thy Judgment much, thy Candour more;
While for thy Wit, thy Worth, I draw my Pen,
And judge the firſt of Poets, beſt of Men.

FINIS.